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His own adventures are so hastily related, that they lack picturesque effect. This is the less to be regretted, as Mr. Baldwin's roving carried him over regions which have already been well described by Mofatt, Andersson, and Livingstone.

The principal game killed by Mr. Baldwin was, of course, "elephants." Of these he secured sixty-one in his last year's expedition of 1860. Next to these in importance were the rhinoceroses, of which twenty-five were shot during that year, white, black, blue, and two-horned. To lions he paid very little attention, generally not caring to waste powder upon the Carnivora. Giraffes were a favorite prey, and in "bagging" these he was signally successful. Quaggas came down very readily before his unerring rifle, and no deer or antelope of the hundred African varieties could escape his swift foot and his long shot. He did not meet with any gorillas, and his tales of ape-hunting are meagre. Buffaloes were his most dangerous and troublesome enemies, and it was often a special mercy that the daring rider was saved from their wrath.

5. — *The Druses and the Maronites under the Turkish Rule, from 1840 to 1860.* By COLONEL CHURCHILL, Author of "Ten Years' Residence in Mount Lebanon." London: Bernard Quaritch. 1862. 8vo. pp. viii., 300.

MANY years ago we reviewed at length the elaborate work of Colonel Churchill, upon the Lebanon, its scenery, its productions, its history, and its races. A fourth and supplementary volume has recently been issued, with the special purpose of bringing the history of the mountain tribes down to the present time, and explaining the deplorable catastrophes which have turned so much of the garden into a wilderness. The author writes with more directness and vigor in this than in the previous volumes, and gives us a very vivid and thrilling description of the scenes of that eventful year 1860. His first chapter is a rapid epitome of the elaborate account of the rival sects in his former work. As to the tenets of the different sects, we cannot discover that his views have undergone any change.

The remarkable features of this supplementary volume are the bold relief into which it brings the treachery and villany of the Turkish rulers, and the mean attitude in which it places the diplomatic jealousies of foreign powers. The tale of the massacres and their horrors has been elsewhere told as powerfully; but in no other form has the cry of righteous wrath come forth so earnestly. The Turks, in Colonel

Churchill's opinion, are the direct authors of all the mischief; and their effort, long and steady, has been to bring these mountain tribes to the work of mutual destruction. Indeed, they are, in his view, the curse of the East and the pests of the earth, and there will be no hope for the Levant until they are either driven back to their ancient Asiatic haunts, or, better still, *exterminated*. No trust is to be put in the word of a Turk, and they are to be feared the most when they make the fairest promises. Colonel Churchill thinks that England and France were culpable in not taking the law into their own hands, and executing the justice which the Turkish officials have systematically refused and evaded. To this day, no adequate penalty has ever reached the actors in the massacres. The murderers are still at large, and are enjoying the spoils and the honors secured by their crimes. So far as the Lebanon is concerned, the whole pretence of trial and punishment has been farcical in the extreme. All the good which the French occupation did was nullified by its withdrawal; and the Turkish rulers discovered the easy method of thwarting all the demands for satisfaction.

Such works as this, widely circulated, would do much to confirm the growing feeling in Christian lands, that the Turkish Empire is the "sick man," and that it is time that such a vile anomaly should cease from Europe.

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6. — *My Southern Friends*. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." By EDMUND KIRKE, Author of "Among the Pines." New York: Carleton. 1863. 16mo. pp. 308.

"AMONG the Pines" was a fascinating book, even after the surfeit of books of its kind. "My Southern Friends" is also fascinating, and one who takes it up will not care to lay it down until he has come to the last page. Such books, nevertheless, attractive as they are, and useful in deepening the abhorrence of the slave system and its iniquities, are annoying, by leaving the reader in doubt how far their contents are fact, and how far fiction. In the concluding chapter, Mr. Kirke, or the person who takes that name, admits that his story is not a veracious relation of an actual sequence of events. Yet he asserts that, with one exception, all the *facts* are true, and that all the scenes related passed under his own eyes in the sixteen years of his Southern experience. Mrs. Stowe gave us a "Key" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by which she unlocked its warehouse of construction, and showed us the sources of her touching romance. Mr. Kirke's readers, we suspect, would like a key to his mosaic narratives, which shall set the bits in their proper places, and show how they looked in the order of actual occurrence.